

PS 571

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Ad Astra Per Aspera

A Kansas Calendar

of Sentiments by
Kansas Writers



Compiled by
IDA COLLISTER

*May the year find you, like the sunflower,
always facing the brighter side*

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Ida Collister
Minneapolis, Kansas

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no. 1.

2-2-24 11-18-14

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Kansas.

They who have looked the world in the mouth declare
Nature spent several hundred thousand years
In building Kansas as a theater
And putting bulky actors on the stage,
Preparatory to a higher drama,
Before she turned it, finished, to white people
For them to act their parts.

Lincoln Phifer.

This is the land where the swift-flying shadows—
Wander at will o'er monotonous plains;
Kiss the fresh blossoms that spangle the meadows,
And sail o'er seas of voluptuous grains.
Dear are thy chidings and sweet thy caresses,
Tender thine eyes where the warm lovelight broods;
Bright is the sunlight amid thy soft tresses,
Loving thy heart, but inconstant thy moods.

George C. Sperry.

Of all the States, but three shall live in story:
Old Massachusetts with her Plymouth Rock,
And old Virginia with her noble stock,
And sunny Kansas with her woes and glory—
These three will live in song and oratory,
While all the others with their idle claims
Will only be remembered as mere names.

Eugene Ware.

Kansas, like thy favorite flower,
Has thy race thus far been run;
Morning, evening, finds thee facing
Toward the right's progressive sun.

Sol. T. Long.

1916

January

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

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A Kansas Wish

May Kansas skies e'er shower on you
Golden gifts from their vaults of blue ;
May Kansas winds that ceaseless blow,
Now fierce and high, now soft and low,
Bring with them in their course so free,
Bright, fadeless crowns of praise for thee.
May thy sorrows vanish ere scarce they're found,
Like Kansas snow ;
And leave no trace on life's background
As they lightly go.
May the Kansas air thy heart imbue
With a spirit pure as the Kansas dew ;
May the boundless prairies stretching here,
Now fresh and green, now brown and sere,
So lift thy soul that there shall be
A broader, larger life for thee.

Charles Moreau Harger.

1916

January

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
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A Day in January.

THE ground was sodden with the ooze of melting snow, the dripping trees were as motionless as granite. The last year's leaves, tenacious lingerers, loath to leave the scene of their brief bravery, adhered to the gray boughs like fragile bronze. There were no visible indications of life, but the broad wintry landscape was flooded with that indescribable splendor that never was on land or shore—a purple and silken softness that half veiled, half disclosed the alien horizon, the vast curves of the remote river, the transient architecture of the clouds, and filled the responsive soul with a vague tumult of emotions, pensive and pathetic, in which regret and hope contended for the mastery.

The dead and silent globe, with all its hidden kingdoms, seemed swimming like a bubble, suspended in an ethereal solution of amethyst and silver, compounded of the exhaling whiteness of the snow and the descending glory of the sky. A tropical atmosphere brooded upon an arctic scene, creating that strange spectacle of summer in winter, June in January, peculiar to Kansas, which unseen cannot be imagined but once seen can never be forgotten.

John J. Ingalls.

1916

January

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
9	10	11	12	13	14	15



A Winter Morning on the Farm

The north-wind bites uncovered nose and ears
And seems to freeze the blood within your veins,
The snow is drifted deep upon the plains
And pasture-coves where thick-grown wood-lot clears ;
The icicles, impending rows of spears,
By low-eaves clutched, gleam threat'ning o'er your head,
And in the orchard quite with frost o'erspread
The farm-boy's trap, a figure four, appears.

You quick forget life's trials, cares and pains,
You walk with almost reverential tread
Through thickets where the berry bushes red
Are interlaced like yarn in tangled skeins,
And note around the farmhouse row on row
Of rabbit tracks a-dimple in the snow.

Roy Farrel Green.

1916

January

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

16 17 18 19 20 21 22



Kansas Day

Wandering children of Kansas away,
By mountain, by desert, by sea,
Feasting or fasting, at prayer or at play—
Whatever your fortunes may be—

Open the doors of your hearts to the breeze—
Prairie winds never are still—
Hark to the surf in the cottonwood trees,
The breakers that bloom on the hill.

Open your souls' windows—let in the sun—
The prairie sun gay with delight,
Where'er your wandering pathways have run—
Come home tonight.

William Allen White.

1916

January

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
23	24	25	26	27	28	29



IF EACH man or woman could understand that every other human life is as full of sorrows, of joys, of base temptations, of heartaches and of remorse as his own, which he thinks so peculiarly isolated from the web of life, how much kinder, how much gentler he would be! And how much richer life would be for all of us! Life is dull to no one; but life seems dull to those dull persons who think life is dull for others, and who see only the drab and gray shades in the woof that is woven about them.

William Allen White.
 ("A Certain Rich Man.")

1916

January—February

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

30 31 1 2 3 4 5



February

FEBRUARY is winter losing heart and sitting down for a breathing-spell. Even winter relents. February is winter relenting. After the perfect jubilation of harshness in January, February grows tenderhearted. The sleet melts; the snow turns to slush; the creeks are swollen and noisy; the snowfields become tattered like an ill-kept child; the background shows in patches; cattle huddle around near the friendly haystack and chew cud in a mild way as to say, "We knew your weather would moderate." Cattle are your genuine philosophers. They never fuss. They take what comes. They hump up when snow falls and the wind is piercing, but they use no bad words that I ever heard, and sleep out in the snow without cover, uncomplaining as a soldier trained to hard campaigns. When February comes with its temporary geniality, the cattle kick up some and frisk as to say, "Bully for the weather! We're tickled." But a frisky disposition when there is anything to frisk at, and an indisposition to kick when there is something to kick at, are worthy of consideration. People might learn from the critters if they would only take them as school-masters, and chew their cud more and their grievance less.

Bishop W. A. Quayle.

1916

February

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

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12



Vanishing Weeks

BET another week has journeyed to the silent Shadow-land, where dead days and weeks are gathered in a solemn spectral band. Many folks have also journeyed to the soundless shore of space ; many feet that lately echoed now have given up the race ; many hands that wrought and labored but a little week ago, are at rest, at rest forever, while the weeks and ages flow. Many voices are now silent that last week were wont to sing ; many friends have left the winter and are in eternal spring. When another week has vanished, you, too, may have gone away ; for in this sad worldly hostel, brief, uncertain is your stay. Therefore let your little visit be a record of good deeds ; let your pathway hint of roses rather than of noxious weeds, so that when you have departed from the weary world hotel, later guests may read your name and say : "He lived and that was well." ·

Walt Mason.

1916

February

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

13 14 15 16 17 18 19



MAY the course of your lives find no counterpart in the sluggish course of the dull bayou, a fungus among streams, which winds and doubles and winds again through miles of rank vegetation;—but may your lives be like the river which rises amid the pure snows of the bold mountain. It grows wider and deeper and more silent, and yet stronger as it flows between smiling farms and thrifty villages which owe their existence to the bounteous river. . . .

Thus goes the shining river, the ever-useful, ever-blessed river; best friend of toiling man; fairest thing from the creative hand of God.

Thus goes the river to mingle at last forever with the sunlit sea.

Noble L. Prentiss.

1916

February

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT
20	21	22	23	24	25	26



UP HERE I stand and watch the plain, and dream of the days gone by and of the days to come. How changed from the prairies of long ago, when the first settlers crept across it, is the fertile, busy, thrifty countryside of today. This land to me is the fairest under all the dome of heaven. With the wealth that lies below the soil are the riches in it and upon it; the land that grows the best grain and the choicest fruit and the finest stock, and, most of all, grows men and women no matter how poor and unpromising their first outlook on life may be. Here they develop and strengthen and ripen at last like the corn in the autumn. I have loved it all since first I was tall enough to lift my head above the divide and look upon it.

Margaret Hill McCarter.
(The Cottonwood's Story.)

1916

February—March

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

27 28 29 1 2 3 4



Epigrams by Ingalls

The burdens that afflict society are voluntary.

The dish of some is always bottom-up when it rains.

The poor man's chance depends very much on what the poor man has to sell.

The real difference in men is not in want of opportunity, but want of capacity to discern opportunity and power to take advantage of opportunity.

An honorable ancestry is never more than a good symptom. Renowned paternity is not discreditable, but in a republic it only arouses a favorable presumption.

1916

March

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Success

HE HAS achieved success who has lived long, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty nor failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

Bessie A. Stanley.

1916

March

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

12 13 14 15 16 17 18

Immortality

What hope reveals
Mind tries to clasp,
But soon it reels
With broken grasp.
No chain yet forged on anvil's brink
Was stronger than its weakest link;
And are there not along this chain
Imperfect links that snap in twain
When caught in logic's tensile strain?
And is not immortality
The child of ideality?

Oh, theme of themes!
Are men mistaught?
And hope like dreams,
To come to naught?
Is all the beautiful and good
Delusive and misunderstood?
And has the soul no forward reach?
And do indeed the facts impeach
The theories the teachers teach?
And is this immortality
Delusion or reality?

And yet at times
We get advice
That seems like chimes
From Paradise;
The soul doth sometimes seem to be
In sunshine which it cannot see;
At times the spirit seems to roam
Beyond the land, above the foam,
Back to some half-forgotten home.
Perhaps this immortality
May be indeed reality.

Eugene Ware.
(Ironquill.)

1916

March

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

19 20 21 22 23 24 25

The Joy of Living

MONEY and position are the least important things in the scheme of life. Love and work are the only important factors in happiness. Given something human to love and care for—a wife, a little child, a sister or brother—and given work which is congenial and to which he gives his best thought and best efforts, and no man can escape happiness. Joy in his work is a man's best asset. To love some human being is his finest inheritance. And if he has these two essentials he really needs nothing else. For no matter how humble his place in the world, nor how closely he must cut and cover to make ends meet, he will be happy.

Dodd Gaston.

1916

March — April

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
26	27	28	29	30	31	1



April

APRIL is a gentle maiden with eyes sky-blue and clad in a green kirtle braided with wild flowers. She has smiling lips; and her smile is warm though her hands are cold, the snowflakes being not quite melted from them yet. Her voice is the bluebird's voice. She sings with her lips closed as singers who hum a minor in an accompaniment to vocalization and then trills like a surprise, "Bermuda," "Ber-mu-da!" What a lyrist she is! She sings with those sweet shut lips meant for kisses as the south-wind knows full well and uses them for what they are meant.

Bishop W. A. Quayle.

1916

April

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

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Easter

THIS is the Easter story that should come to every heart. The Christ that came into the desert of this weary life, and walked here footsore, heart-broken and athirst, came here for the love that was in his heart. Who put it there—whether the God that gave Shakespeare his brain and Wagner his harmonies, gave Christ his heart, or whether it was the God that paints the lily and moves the mountains in their labors—it matters not. It is one God, the Author and First Cause of all things. It is His heart that moves our own hearts to all their aspirations, to all the benevolence that the wicked world knows; it is his vast unknowable plan that is moving the nations of the earth.

Whether it be spirit or law or tendency or person—what matter?—it is our Father who went to the desert to find His sheep.

William Allen White.

1916

April

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

9 10 11 12 13 14 15

He Is Risen

He is risen. Now the darkness
 Of the night has passed away,
 And the light of life eternal
 Breaks forth into glorious day.
 Haste, ye women, to proclaim it,
 Tell to all the joyful word,—
 That the sepulcher is empty—
 Risen is our blessed Lord.

He is risen. Let the dead leaves
 O'er our graves be thickly strewn;
 Let the wind thru trees all barren
 Blow when summer birds have flown;
 Let stern death embrace all nature,
 And the frost chain bind the sod,
 Yet the dead shall burst these fetters,
 And return unto their God.

Yes, the Lord indeed has risen,
 Send the glad news far and near;
 Death's red scepter has been broken,
 Mourning heart, no longer fear;
 Christ is building us a mansion
 In that country of the blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

J. M. Cavaness.

1916

April

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Blue Grass

GRASS is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose.

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and the dandelions of May, scarcely higher than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, the grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

John J. Ingalls.

1916

April

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

One of These Days

Say, let's forget it, let's put it aside,
Life is so short and the world is so wide,
Days are so short and there's so much to do;
What if it was false—there's so much that's true,

Say, let's forget it, let's brush it away
Now and forever, so,—what do you say?
All of the bitter words said shall be praise,
One of these days.

Say, let's forgive it, let's wipe off the slate,
Find something better to cherish than hate.
There's so much good in the world that we've had,
Let's strike a balance, and cross off the bad;
Say, let's forgive it, whatever it be:
Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free.
We shall be walking in sunshiny ways,
One of these days.

J. W. Foley.

1916

April—May

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Reform

REFORM must come from the individual. It is a matter of slow growth. It is not accomplished by enactment or resolution. When the members of a considerable majority of any neighborhood, any municipality, any state or any nation, see a truth clearly enough to make it a part of their rules of conduct, that community is reformed. After that the legal enactment comes, making sentiment of the majority law for the unenlightened minority. Sometimes in history a strong titanic character arises in a land, who, by sheer force of will and a powerful example, drags the world about him along toward the light.

But reform is still a matter of character—either of the individuals in the mass or in some strong individual out of the mass. No reform can be accomplished, no lasting good may result from a wave of emotion which has jealousy of the poor for the rich and envy of the strong for the weak for its impulse.

William Allen White.

1916

May

1916

SUN.

MON.

TUES.

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THURS.

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SAT.

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13



Take Heart

Why court the shadows, friends,
And grope in gloom and fear?
Take heart: look always upward,
Where the sun is beaming clear.

We were not meant to languish,
And yield to dark despair;
The cloudy days are sent
To make us prize the fair.

Ad. H. Gibson.

1916

May

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

14 15 16 17 18 19 20



The Nameless Dead

WE only know they fought and died, and o'er their graves the wind has sighed, for many a long, slow-footed year; and winter's snow has drifted here; and in the dawning warmth of spring, the joyous birds came here to sing; we only know that rest is sweet to weary hearts and toiling feet, and they who sleep beneath the sod, gave all they had to give to God. And in the radiance of the throne, their names are known—their names are known! We know not from what homes they came; we can but guess their dreams of fame; but lamps for them did vainly burn, and mothers waited their return, and listened, at some cottage door, for steps that sounded nevermore; and loving eyes grew dim with tears, and hearts grew old with grief of years. And here they sleep, as they have slept, since legions o'er the country swept; where mothers wait before the Throne, their names are known—their names are known!

Walt Mason.

1916

May

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
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21	22	23	24	25	26	27
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The Old Soldier

THE old soldier grows tired as the years increase, and he hears only in dreams the roll of drums and the noise of battle. He loves his ease in the quiet afternoon, and feels, as he did not once, how sweet are the ministrations of sleep. Death need not come to seek him, for, half-way up the slope the veteran is marching, if not so gaily as in old days, still resolutely and bravely as becomes one who is not afraid to meet whatever foe may come. And lo! Death carries neither lance nor spear; but only the welcome emblem of white which is the sign of everlasting truce. It must be sweet to know that the battle is over forever; it must be pleasant to sleep in the mercy of Him who hath made it the "balm of hurt minds." Let us be patient. To them the hour will come, and the repose that awaits the resurrection and the life.

George R. Peck.

1916

May—June

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
28	29	30	31	1	2	3



June

JUNE is the month when the prairie blooms with spendthrift gardening, when the June wind blows free and full, and the wonder and splendor of youth comes by, touching the green prairie grasses, and far and near shine the multi-colored lights of prairie wild flowers that go gypsying with the wind and bees and then see what God does on a day in June upon the wide, wild width of the prairie madcapping toward the sky. Then Rapture catches your hand and leads you as he will. In June along the lush prairie plains grow the uncounted multitude of the spiderwort, the stately stalks flowered out to blue so that I have seen spaces blue as the skies of Paradise, stately guardsmen holding up their banner of blue, it is a vision meet for the heart. And the wild pea lifts and flings its sprawling branches above the tops of prairie grass and tosses out a sprangle of yellow flowers like warm sunlight, and the brown-eyed susans flash yellow as gold with their brown eyes looking intently at the sun's face as to see if their lord be looking; the wild indigo with its frond-like fern almost as gray as ashes and its purplish bloom as if it had seen the heather smile and were mimicking the smile. The blazing star lifts its cluster of spools twined about with red thread; and the prairie cactus stands very big and forbidding with their blades in battle mood; and the paint-root blooms out its red as with intent to anger a bull that bellows about the pasture; and the lark whips the wind with its wings and spurts its limpid song, and the curlew calls and the plover hovers ere he lights; and the grasses are in a reel of hilariousness when the winds frolic far. June, love month, rapture month, sweet June and the prairie, sweet June and the wild rose!

Bishop W. A. Quayle.

1916	June						1916
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	



Silver Threads

SING a song of long ago, now the weary day is done,
and the breeze is sighing low dirges for the vanished
sun ; sing a song of other days, ere our hearts were
tired and old ; sing the sweetest of old lays ; "Silver Threads
Among the Gold." We who feebly hold the track in the gloam-
ing of life's day, love the songs that take us back to life's spring
time far away, when our hope had airy wing and our hearts
were strong and bold, and at eve we used to sing, "Silver
Threads Among the Gold." Then our hair no silver knew,
and these eyes that shrunken seem, were the brightest brown
or blue, and old age was but a dream. But the years have
taken flight, and life's evening bells are tolled ; so, my child-
ren, sing tonight, "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Walt Mason.

1916

June

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

11 12 13 14 15 16 17



The Homes of Kansas

The cabin homes of Kansas!
How modestly they stood
Along the sunny hillsides
Or nestled in the wood.
They sheltered men and women
Brave-hearted pioneers,
Each one became a landmark
Of freedom's trial years.

The splendid homes of Kansas!
How proudly now they stand,
Amid the fields and orchards
All o'er the smiling land!
They rose up where the cabins
Once marked the virgin soil,
And are the fitting emblems
Of patient years of toil.

God bless the homes of Kansas
From poorest to the best,
The cabin of the border
The sod house of the west;
The dugout low and lonely,
The mansion grand and great,
The hands that laid the hearthstone,
Have built a mighty State.

Sol. Miller.

1916

June

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

18 19 20 21 22 23 24



The Way It Works

IN any given movement, however good, there are good men with bad motives, and in most movements however bad, there are good men with bad motives. The stage villain who is all bad, and the stage hero who is all good, rarely appear in public life. Many idols have clay feet and some have clay heads. And the thing for citizens to do when they find their heroes are made of flesh and blood is to be charitable. Did you ever, more or less gentle reader, stop to think how many things you do every day that would displease the man who does things to displease you? The world is moving forward, not back. The current may be dammed here and there, but it is never stopped. "God's in heaven—all's right with the world."

William Allen White.

1916

June—July

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
25	26	27	28	29	30	1



"Each has his work and way,
 Each has his part and play,
 Each has his task to do,
 Both of the good and true,
 Though thou art grave and gay,
 Be thou yet brave and true.

Work for the right and just,
 With an intrepid trust;
 Then it need matter thee
 Not that thou buried be,
 Either on land or strand,
 Either neath soil or sea."

Eugene Ware.

1916

July

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
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TO SEE the goodness in other people, and to help them to find it in themselves; to be tolerant of the opinion of others, giving them credit whenever possible for sincerity of purpose; to be frank and honest and open-hearted in my dealings with others, showing a willingness to accord even a competitor a fair opportunity in the race of life; to deal fairly and affectionately with those who are in any sense criminal in their acts or tendencies, and to rebuke and criticise only in love; to respect and care for my body as a fit temple of the soul, by temperance in eating and drinking, and to work hard enough to appreciate rest and recreation; to refuse utterly to worry unnecessarily about anything, but to strive at all times to entertain only pure and ennobling thoughts; to get good and to give good everywhere, making somebody glad of my presence; finally,

To see the beauteous world,
To breathe the fragrant air,
To hear accordant sounds,
To feel, to be—

This is not life!

There is a larger view,
There is a deeper breath,
There is a finer touch,
And a diviner sound,
Than sense can e'er reveal.
To see the glory of the Infinite,
To feel the breath of the Almighty,
To hear the voice of the I am—
This is to live!

Prof. William A. McKeever.

1916

July

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

9 10 11 12 13 14 15



They have tamed it with their harrows ;
 They have broken it with plows ;
 Where the bison used to range it, someone's
 Built himself a house.
 They have stuck it full of fence-posts ;
 They have girdled it with wire ;
 They have shamed it and profaned it
 With an automobile tire,
 They have bridged its gullied rivers ;
 They have peopled it with men :
 They have churchd it, they have schooled it
 They have steepled it—Amen!
 They have furrowed it with ridges ;
 They have seeded it with grain,
 And the west that was worth knowing,
 I shall never see again.

J. W. Foley.

1916

July

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

16 17 18 19 20 21 22



When Our Ships Come In

When our ships come in from roving,
On the bright and restless sea,
There will be a grand procession,
To receive us tenderly.
All our friends will flock to greet us,
All our foes will cease to be,
Ah! there will be hearts to love us
When our ships come in from sea.
Day by day the mocking mill-wheels
Make us older as they go,
Grinding out our lives in barter,
For the gold exceeding slow.
Let the mill-wheels grind and grumble,
Let them mock with giddy glee,
In their throats the rust will gather,
When our ships come in from sea.

1916

July

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
23	24	25	26	27	28	29



The Gates Ajar

I have seen a Kansas sunset like a vision in a dream,
When a halo was about me and a glory on the stream ;
When the birds had ceased their music and the summer's day
 was done,
And prismatic exhalations came a-drifting from the sun ;
And those gold and purple vapors and the holy stillness there,
Lay upon the peaceful valley like a silent evening prayer,
And I've gazed upon that atmospheric splendor of the west
Till it seemed to me a gateway to the regions of the blest.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

1916

July—August

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

30 31 1 2 3 4 5



The Mill of Life

This life is one continual grind
With some wheels out of gear :
Dust from the old mill makes us blind,
Its roaring dulls the ear.

The ancient Adam in us wakes,
From cranium to the feet,
When as his toll the miller takes
The finest of our wheat.

And when death strikes the balance sheet
And blots us from the list,
There's little left but chaff and cheat,
As our part of the grist.

J. M. Cavaness.

1916

August

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

6 7 8 9 10 11 12



Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, is the fragrance of
summer rains.

Nearer my heart than the mighty seas are the wind-swept
Kansas plains.

Dearer the sight of the sly wild rose by the roadside's dusty
way,

Than all the splendor of poppy fields ablaze in the month
of May.

Gay as the bold poinsettia is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown, is richer to
me than these ;

And rising ever above the sound of the hoarse, insistent sea,
Is the voice of the prairie, calling, calling me.

Esther M. Clark.

1916

August

1916

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Walls of Corn

Smiling and beautiful, heaven's dome
Bends softly over our prairie home.

But the wide, wide lands that stretched away
Before my eyes in the month of May ;

The rolling prairie's billowy swell,
Breezy uplands and timbered dell ;

Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by the walls of corn.

Ellen P. Allerton.

1916

August

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

20 21 22 23 24 25 26



IN THIS wide universe, wherein we are slowly growing up to Godhood, only the poor leprous soul, whitened with malice and hate, deserves the angels' tears. The rest of us—weak, failing, frail, to whom life deals its sorrows and its tears, its punishments and its anguish,—we leave the world nearer to God than when we came here, and the journey, though long and hard, has been worth the while.

William Allen White.
 ("A Certain Rich Man.")

When one comes to know an animal well—say a horse or a dog—and sees how sensibly it acts, following the rules of conduct laid down by the wisdom of its kind, one cannot help wondering how much happier, and healthier, and better, human beings would be if they used the discretion of the animals.

William Allen White.

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Beautiful Things

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few can guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well won,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep.

Ellen Palmer Allerton.

1916

September

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

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Golden Rod

Again the rains have come,
And all the earth revives,
And over fields and prairies
The golden rod now thrives.

Sweet Kansas golden rod,
What scepters bright you lift,
In every vacant corner,
With growing things adrift.

You herald in our autumn,
And cheerfully essay,
With richest gold our prairies
And our orchards to array.

Oh, hardy little flower!
You speak of courage clear,
And hint to us a lesson
To light life's fading year.

Ad. H. Gibson.

1916

September

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

The Sunflower

"FLOWER of the sun! God named it so,
 When from His hand time caught the seed, and low
 Bending, He watched the place
 Where it had fallen, and in his face
 Shone forgiveness, and pity, and love
 For men as gently He said: "I will rear above
 This barren spot a flower, in which the gold
 Of sunset and the lucent glow of the noontide hold
 Equal place, and its strong stem shall lift
 To Heaven a gilded chalice to catch the dews that sift
 Among the stars and fall to kiss the earth; and tenderly
 That flower shall raise its face to me in constant loyalty."

Child of the grassy plain,
 Facing the day,
 Blooming in sun or rain,
 Evermore gay,
 Coming the first to bless,
 Widespreading wilderness,
 Flaunting and free;
 Coming in power
 Kansas is like to thee,
 Sunflower.

Noble L. Prentis.

"AYE, a flower for the nation! That follows still the light:
 With heart of gold that ne'er grows old, and face that's ever bright;
 That to the wildest breezes tosses loftily its crest.
 Choose what ye will, but give to us the sunflower of the West."

(Anonymous.)

1916

September

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

Days We Remember

Days that glide in an even rhyme,
 To which our feet keep steady time—
 Be they in May or in December;—
 Days when life is a summer sea,
 Whereon lie ships rocked dreamily;
 Days when an easy round of care,
 Is all the load that our shoulders bear;
 Days that a calm succession keep
 Of peaceful labor and peaceful sleep;
 Days that serenely slip away,
 With little of sorrow, yet scarcely gay,
 Are not the days that we remember.

Days that are fraught with throbs of bliss,
 With love's caress, with love's close kiss—
 Be they in May or December;—
 Days when rush through our wilderness
 Whelming torrents of happiness;
 Days when the heart, in its joyous swell,
 Beats and throbs like a festive bell;
 And days, oh! days when we sit alone
 With dumb white lips that make no moan,
 By close sealed vaults, whose chambers cold
 Our loveliest, dearest treasures hold;
 When as the heavy hours drag by,
 We long and long in vain—to die;—
 These are the days that we remember.

Mrs. Allerton.

1916

September

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

The Kansas October

The cheeriness and charm
Of forest and of farm
Are merging into colors sad and sober ;
The hectic frondage drapes
The nut trees and the grapes—
September yields to opulent October.

The cottonwoods that fringe
The streamlets take the tinge ;
Through opal haze the sumac bush is burning ;
The lazy zephyrs lisp,
Through cornfields dry and crisp
The fond regret for days no more returning.

Ironquill.

1916

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The Old Country Store

Oh, the old country store,
What a joy there to visit,
With postoffice boxes 'mid cobwebs galore,
That gave us the letters and papers on Monday,
That rode in the mails for a fortnight or more.

Oh, never a city with street-cars and bridges
And viaducts, factories, yea, all of these,
Can e'er beat the store at cross-roads on Cow Creek,
Where I first bought candy and crackers and cheese.

Ed Blair.

1916

October

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8 9 10 11 12 13 14



Indian Summer in Kansas

THE last real Indian summer day of that autumn fell on a Sabbath following a week of chilly gray skies, bitter morning air, and frost on the lowlands. All these were swept out of mind by the sunburst of the glorious dawn of a holy day, in whose sweet hours the heavens were arched above the earth, like an amethyst dome, tinted about its low rim with topaz and mother-of-pearl; while shimmering prairie and wooded headland and winding waters, in deep, purple vales, smiled back at the skies above them. Beneath the cottonwood trees the ground was golden with fallen leaves. The edge of the ravine was all scarlet with sumac, blending through duller tones to the richness of the oak brush and the dark green of the scrub cedar in the hollow. The bittersweet bushes hung with coral beads, and the deep pink of the straggling squawberry brightened the bronze brown of the upland. In the far distance a wreath of heliotrope haze hung between heaven and earth, as if the hand of Omnipotent Beauty would lay upon the brow of nature its crowning gift to the year's best days. Across the land flowed the caressing breeze of the open west, exhilarating as wine, gentle as peace, buoyant as hope.

Margaret Hill McCarter.
("A Wall of Men.")

1916

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Opportunity

Master of human destinies am I ;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait ;
Cities and fields I walk ; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake ; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And those who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death ; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury or woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more.

John J. Ingalls.

1916

October

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Today

Work on, work on—
Work wears the earth away ;
Hope when tomorrow comes,
But work today.

Work on, work on—
Work brings its own relief ;
He who most idle is
Has most grief.

Ironquill.

As the strings of a harp standing side by side,
Are the days of sadness and days of song ;
The sunshine and shadows are ever allied,
But the shadows will fade and the sun abide,
Though today may be dim and the world go wrong.

Eugene Ware.

1916

October—November

1916

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
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THE springs that move God's universe are hidden,—those that move the world of material things and those that move the world of spiritual things, and make events creep out of the past into the future so noiselessly that they seem born in the present. It is all a mystery, the half-stated equation of life that we call the scheme of things. Only this is sure, that however remote, however separated by time and space, the tragedy of life has its root in the weakness of men, and of all the heart-breaking phantasms that move across the panorama of the day, somewhere deep-rooted in our own souls' weakness is the ineradicable cause. Even God's mercy cannot separate the punishment that follows sin, and perhaps it is the greatest mercy of His mercies that it cannot do so. For when we leave this world our books are clear. If our souls grow, we pay the price in suffering; if they shrivel, we go into the next world, poorer for our pilgrimage.

William Allen White.

1916

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SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Then Face to Face

How long the space
That separates from those we love
Who left us for the realms above!
They're safely mansioned in the skies,
And hidden from our mortal eyes,
But by-and-by the gates of gold
By loving hands will be unrolled,—
Then face to face.

In sweet embrace,
Long years ago I pressed the hand
Of one my heart could understand ;
When buried lowly neath the sod,
I knew his spirit was with God,
When dawn on us the eternal years,
And God shall wipe away all tears,—
Then face to face.

J. M. Cavaness.

1916

November

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SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

12 13 14 15 16 17 18

Stuck in a Kansas hillside, far away,
 Is a cabin built of sod and built to stay :
 Through the window-like embrasure
 Pours the mingled gold and azure
 Of the morning of a gorgeous Kansas day.

Blue-eyed children round the cabin chase the day ;
 They are learning life's best lesson—how to stay,
 To be tireless and restful,
 And the antelope look wistful,
 And they want to join the children in their play.

Happy prairie children! Time with rapid wings
 To the earnest soul the golden trophy brings,
 As the Trojan said, "Durate
 Vosmet rebus et servate,"
 Hold yourselves in hand for higher, nobler things.

Ironquill.

1916

November

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SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

19 20 21 22 23 24 25



Little Things

But what is life? Drops make the sea ;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me.
Then, O for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things!

Ellen P. Allerton.

To rest as well as labor
God made both brawn and brain,
And strongest brain and muscle
Endure not ceaseless strain.
Let once the spring be broken,
The loss is great indeed ;
Work, then, but labor wisely,
And thine be labor's need.

Ellen P. Allerton.

1916

November—December

1916

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Kansas

Kansas corn and Kansas wheat,
 Kansas rye and oats,
 Kansas sugar-cane and beets,
 Kansas steers and shoats;
 Kansas air and Kansas soil,
 Kansas sunny skies,
 Kansas grit and Kansas toil,
 Kansas enterprise;
 Kansas mines and Kansas mills,
 Kansas brawn and brain,
 Kansas valleys, plains and hills,
 Kansas sun and rain;
 Kansas homes and Kansas farms,
 Kansas fruits and shades;
 Kansas schools and Kansas marms,
 Kansas buxom maids;
 Kansas culture, Kansas wealth,
 Kansas iron rails,
 Kansas climate, Kansas health,
 Kansas empty jails,
 Kansas books and Kansas press,
 Kansas prose and rhyme;—
 Kansas more but never less,
 Kansas all the time.

W. F. Craig.

1916

December

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SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9



The Old Stone Quarry

There are human souls that seem to me
Like this unwrought stone—for all you see—
Is a shapeless quarry of what might be,
Lying idle and overgrown
With tangled weeds, like this beautiful stone—
Possible work, left undone,
Possible victories, left unwon.

And that is a waste that is worse than this ;
Sharper the edge of the hidden abyss,
Deadlier serpents crawl and hiss.
And a day shall come when the desolate scene,
Though scanned by eyes that are close and keen,
Shall show no trace of its "might have been."

Mrs. Allerton.

1916

December

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Winter Wind and Moonlight

Dark blue above ; white, marble white, below ;
And woven shadows of the swaying trees
That roar and moan like far off rising seas ;
Frail huddled weeds complaining here and there,
Like ghosts above their graves ; and everywhere
The snow the endless snow, and still the snow !

Albert Bigelow Paine.

1916

December

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

17 18 19 20 21 22 23



The Newborn King

The awe-struck shepherds leave their sheep,
To kneel before the babe asleep,
And in a manger laid ;
And worshiping, their voices raise
In adoration, love and praise,
No longer sore afraid.

While Eastern Magi from afar,
Led by a single glowing star,
His holy name repeat,
And, as their treasure they unfold
Of myrrh and frankincense and gold,
Fall prostrate at His feet.

Oh, passing strange that natal day—
A new born King in bed of hay,
And passing strange the sight
Of herald angels in the sky,
Lifting their seraph voices high
To praise the Lord of Light.

Cora Walker Hayes.

1916

December

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SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

The Last Hour of the Old Year

I sit me down to watch with thee, old year,
E'en to thy last throe, for I have loved thee well;
And fain would at thy parting drop a tear,
Though I may chant no requiem, toll no bell.

I trim my midnight lamp, and sit and think.
One questions conscience at a death-bed, so here
I question mine, and ravel, link by link,
My chain of words and deeds that spans the year.

Would it were woven better! But in vain
Are all regrets unless one gird the life,
Amid the sackcloth of repentant pain,
With strength to conquer in a braver strife.

Mrs. Allerton.

"The leaf shall turn at midnight. Nevermore
Shall human deed or passion mark its face,
And none may change it, though repenting sore,
We write at will—oh, would we might erase!"

1916

December

1916

SUN. MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.

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